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INNIS HERALD

CAPTAIN

Deep within the labyrinths and catacombs of the old physics building on the campus of the University of Toronto, a lone figure stands huddled over a mass of test tubes and Liebig condensers. The light is dim, the wisps of smoke curl curiously around his black horn-rimmed glasses and upwards toward the low dank ceiling. What can this vigilant researcher be doing here at such an ungodly hour? What's this? A smile is slowly spreading across his sweating face. A chuckle passes his tight lips, as before him he holds a small tablet. This is it!! He has created a pill containing the concentrated proteins of one million maple leaves. He clutches in his hand the secret of unlimited power.

His trembling hand draws nearer to his mouth. With head tossed back, he downs the pill. (cough, hack)

A tremendous change is taking place. What can it be? Weee!!! He is different, taller, stronger, with eyes like bullets and arms of a gorilla, and the face of ... Arnold Stang?

Thus Captain Canada is born. Yes, Captain Canada, a strange visitor from up North somewhere who came to Toronto with powers and abilities far below those of mortal men. Captain Canada who can change the course of mighty gutters, bend peels in his bare hands, and who, disguised as Lester Piercearrow, mild-mannered librarian for a great Toronto University, fights a never ending battle for booze, broads and the Canadian way.

In our last adventure we saw

Editorial

The I.C.S.S. is in the position of a boat without a captain. We have a president in name but is she any more than that? Rumour has it that she was seen the second Tuesday of last week wandering aimlessly around the Hart House pool asking about a jib and screaming "lower the boom!" Perhaps she is not aware that Innis has moved to new headquarters. In this case a seeing eye dog will be provided immediately. Then again perhaps she's been locked up in her office and died of overwork (Heaven forbid!)

Madam President you have been lax in your duties. 315 frosh arrived and where were you to make sure that the saboteurs didn't take over. Surely you must be afraid that they might become radical and want to take a step forward for a change.

I suggest, Madam President, that you take heed of your words from the summer: The presidency is a full-time job. The presidency plus political science is a full-time job plus. Something is going to suffer; not the political science, so that leaves social life and the presidency. I know which it will be? Any takers?

Captain Canada defy that arch-fiend, the parking attendant at the Queen's Park entrance by riding his albino buffalo into the campus at full speed. We also saw how after three days of diligent work by the Toronto Fire Department, the drunken buffalo's head was extracted from the muzzle of the cannon behind Innis College. In that same stirring episode, we saw Captain Canada's sidekick "OOP"

CANADA

the eskimo boy being lured into a sorority party by a potsie and being seduced in the wine cellar whereupon it was discovered that OOP had no navel. We also saw in that same thrilling episode, the creation of Captain Canada's famous beavertail suit that is his lasting (if smelly) emblem.

This week's episode verges on the hysterical as we watch Captain Canada pitch brains and brawn against Frogman, that arch-fiend from across the Ottawa who is pushing frog talk among the innocent students of U. of T. Will he ever be stopped? Can there be no justice for this crumb? In fact 300 more students have signed up for French 301 this year. Frogman's bi-bi gun has hit another herd of victims, and the cancer grows.

Suddenly a blaze of colours ignites in the northern sky. ooooooh!

The Bissel is calling for Captain Canada. Help is on the way.

Lester streaks for the Hart House locker room from whence he emerges in his beavertail suit as Captain Canada the tailed troubadour of good and nice.

He and OOP board the Wellesley bus westbound because the buffalo is drunk and they confront Frogman at Sydney Smith.

There the battle begins. A chase to the language labs in the basement! Trapped! Wild shots of bi-bi careen into the walls. Oh no! Captain Canada is hit. He's babbling! Weee!!! Will Captain Canada survive? Is OOP any help at all? Is this article for real? Don't miss the next episode of Captain Canada.

LETTER FROM PRAGUE

BY JOSEPH TEDESCO

I have been in Prague since Monday, August 19. The Russian troops arrived during the night of August 20 - 21. I am quite all right and fairly safe. I am with a Montreal girl, Louise Meilleur, with whom I've been travelling for about 10 days starting at Innsbruck, Austria, and we are now staying at the home of 2 Czech brothers, Slava and Mila, whose parents are out of town. They are friends of a boy that Louise met in East Berlin and who has been very kind to us. We stayed at the central student housing (8,000 students) at Stranoff for 3 days, and George, Louise's Czech friend, showed us around Prague. It is an extremely beautiful city in its centre and every street has some mark - a building, a monument, a graveyard - of the 1,000 year history of this place.

The Czech people are even more beautiful. They have a very difficult life, very poor compared to us, but they will stop and help any friend or stranger who asks. They are intensely in love with their country, especially the young people, and, until Wednesday morning, had the greatest, most enthusiastic optimism and interest concerning the immediate future. The interest is still there, but about 200,000 foreign Communist troops have somewhat dampened their optimism.

I have been walking in the city's centre with Louise and various Czech patriots that we met for the last two days. We have seen a good deal of the shooting (mostly in the air) and most of the damage done by the tanks and machine guns. The main radio station, a fairly modern building, was completely destroyed inside and the tanks, for no particular reason, fired on several apartment buildings opposite the station, setting them afire and destroying them too. In a near-by street we found a Russian tank burning (5 were reported destroyed). The Czech we were with (a fellow about my age who had just returned from Finland and had travelled through much of Europe) told us that Molotov Cocktails had destroyed it that morning killing the crew of five. George later told us, however, of another

report that a burning car had set the tank on fire as it passed by. Several trams are lying gutted in the streets and one autobus in particular, that the driver had presumably blocked the street with, was run over continually by tanks and is now a very, very flat piece of smashed metal about one foot high.

Perhaps the single most stupid malicious act of the invading troops that first morning was the virtual destruction by machinegun fire of the stone front of the National Museum. This is the most prominent, stately building in Prague. It stands at the head of the main boulevard on Wenceslaus Square. It, and the statue in front of it, are generally considered the tangible symbol of Czech Nationhood. So many times that day I was told how that building, built exactly 100 years ago, was not touched by the German troops during their entire occupation from 1938 to 1945 and now, in the first morning that Soviet troops were here they had just casually shot it up. The Czech people, they said, had no love for Russia before because for the last 20 years they had been bled economically by the Soviet Union. But the one bond they did have with them was that Russian troops had liberated their country in 1945 from the Germans. Now, after this, there was nothing left but hate.

The streets are fantastic. Everybody in Prague is out on the streets, filling them to overflow. Nobody is at work, apparently, except at some food stores. Those who go to the factory spend the day in discussion and listening to Radio Praha, broadcasting from a series of secret locations. The Czech flag is literally everywhere. Thousands are carried by youths in the streets on white poles propped on their belts. Almost everybody has a small tri-colour ribbon with the colours red, white and blue, of the country pinned on their front. Often this ribbon, as mine is, has a smaller piece of black cloth partially over it to signify our mourning for the loss of the people's freedom.

You walk down the roads and you see so much. Every quarter of an hour a civilian truck roars

by, 2 or 3 flags stuck out the window and the back filled with Czech young people cheering or chanting. The crowds jam the streets and the only traffic that can travel quickly is the Red Cross ambulances that whine by patrolling the streets every few minutes. Twice the tank columns started up suddenly on some narrow streets and we were sucked by the fleeing crowd into side alleys and roads as the tanks made their way through. Minor injuries often occurred at those times. An Australian girl with whom we had walked down to the city centre from Strahoff with her English boyfriend, a mathematics professor, had her foot cut by some glass on the road once when the troops fired in the air and the crowd panicked. She was wearing sandals. Five minutes later an ambulance came by, picked up two other injured people, and we packed her in to go to the hospital.

Whenever a Czech is injured some youth nearby with a flag will usually come up and let the blood flow onto it. By the afternoon of the first day, every procession was preceded by a rank of 3 or 4 bloodstained National flags.

There is no real news of what has happened to the Czech leaders. Cernick disappeared the first morning. There are reports that Dubcek and Svoboda have been taken to Moscow. But every five or ten minutes a car, taxi, motorcycle, or whatever goes by and throws a sheaf of copies of some proclamation, newsletter, newspaper, poem into the air or onto the ground. People sprint to the spot and in ten seconds all are intently reading the paper. It is usually in Czech, occasionally in Russian or German but never in English. I have my little collection, some of which a friend would translate on the spot into English for me.

Wherever there is a tank or group of tanks at rest, a Russian soldier or two on guard or a half-intelligent-looking officer somewhere, a group of at least ten Czechs will form around him and barrage him with indignant demands, sometimes abuse and

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always questions. Rhetorical questions usually about: "Why are you here?" "When are you Fascists going home?" "Is this the freedom to determine our own future that your leaders promised us?" "Don't you know your fathers liberated us from Nazi Slavery?" When the questions expect answers the soldiers usually reply with a mumbled "I don't know" or sometimes an impatient demand to stop asking questions. The soldiers all believed the 1st day that they were still in Russia and this was another part of the military manoeuvres they've been on for so long. They were just flown in, beginning around 11 p.m. and continuing to about 5 a.m., and they slept on the plane to find themselves in Czechoslovakia. After this they were told that they had come to save the country from invading West Germans. They usually refused to believe (openly anyway) what the crowd told them.

Most of the Soviet troops seemed to be from east of the Urals, with Mongol blood in them, and many of them were huge, red-cheeked boys of about 18 or 19, over 6 feet tall and strong as hell. We know from reports that troops from Hungary, Bulgaria, Poland and East Germany are occupying sections near their borders and that Soviet troops are everywhere but I haven't been able to distinguish any troops other than Russian. There are some troops, very short men, rather poorly equipped, looking very Charlie Chaplin in their huge, hot great-coats made of cheap felt. I don't know where they are from. George, our Czech friend, was telling us last night that not one East German soldier has been seen in Prague, for this would be too cruel a provocation for a city that had been occupied by Germans for so many years.

We don't know the details of

how or why the Soviets were able to manage such a quick occupation of the country without Czech army resistance. We know there were four traitors in the Czech Central Committee of the Communist Party. No one has mentioned the possibility that Dubcek ordered the army not to resist in order to avoid futile bloodshed. Perhaps this is implicitly understood. Perhaps the invasion really was so sudden that the government had no time to issue orders. But an American, John Reilly, said that two days before the occupation, train passengers from East Germany to Czechoslovakia were not allowed to disembark except at Prague, which was unusual enough to put him on the alert, if not the Czech government.

In any case the government had apparently advised the people before to offer, in such circumstances, only passive resistance in order to avoid pointless loss of life and property as in Hungary in 1956. But resistance is steadily building up. Radio Free Praha is still broadcasting despite Russian attempts to find their transmitters, but it is just a matter of time. I have just been upstairs and George has told me several items that have come over the radio. 1) Several cars carrying Russian and Czech secret police were stopped in Praha this morning by Czechs, and the occupants beaten up. 2) Radio Praha has just given a list of license numbers of secret-police cars and asked the people to find and stop these cars. 3) The transmitter in southern Bohemia has been reported found by the Russians. 4) Helicopters are circling close to the location in Prague of the transmitter for Radio Praha. 5) The Russians are sending, by train, some electronic equipment for jamming Radio Praha, and Radio Praha

has requested workers to stop this train.

The first night a curfew had been announced but few paid attention to it. The main square, Wenceslaus, had many people in it, watching, talking, jeering, but mostly I understand (I was at the Strahoff student buildings at the time) talking to the Russian soldiers (most Czechs speak Russian fairly well since they must, since 1948, study it for about 10 years in school.). Then apparently 2 tank columns suddenly moved quickly into the square and the people were packed very tight, running. They shot both in the air (I saw the machine-gun tracers from Strahoff) and into the crowd. There was no accurate estimate available of how many were killed altogether that night but many think that as many as 100 were, and a reasonable estimate based on much misinformation puts the figure around 30. In any case the troops fired into a harmless civilian crowd, and this is no help in pacifying the Czechs. I've heard a few reports of some Czech ex-commandoes - one with a Brenn gun and an American jeep - who left home the first morning and have not yet returned. Most of the youths carry knives and some carry guns in their pockets, from what I'm told by a Czech friend, a University student who seemed to run into classmates every five minutes in the streets. It is the young people who are really most upset. It is they who chant and scream FASCIST at the troops moving by, (everybody whistles shrilly as they go by.) It's they who drive motorcycles and scooters in and out of the tank columns and in front of single tanks, with the Czech flag waving above them. It was they who covered the eyes on the statue

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of Jan Hus so that he should not see his country in this state. It was they who were the first to have Prague covered with mimeographed sheets early in the morning of the 1st day; "Russian Idiots Go Home." They are the ones who draw swastikas on the Russian military equipment and in the red star of communism.

For the last six months these people had complete freedom of expression. They were encouraged to criticize. Many good and new ideas had been spread and the people were greatly looking forward to September when the Old guard would be out of the Czech Central Committee and Dubcek would begin these reforms of which they had talked. Now in one night it's all gone. The Russians are arresting intellectuals and writers and if this continues, soon the Czechs will once again be afraid to express their opinions. They think the mail might be censored so I might mail this letter from West Germany when I hitch across the border, probably on Monday or Tuesday. I've had my visa extended yesterday for one week with no trouble. In fact, the day before, I had gone to another police station and had been told that "visas do not exist." Of course the real difficulty is to get out of the country in these first days, not to stay in. Fortunately I have no desire to leave just yet.

* * * * *

It is now Saturday as I write this letter. Louise and I have spent the day again walking around Prague. About two square blocks near the National Museum and the radio station have been badly shot up and there are the burnt-out hulks of about six trucks and buses in that section. The Russian tank that was on fire a few days ago

is now a badly-rusted piece of scrap with signs scrawled all over it and people crawling over its body to examine it.

There are even more newsletters being distributed today, of better quality print and with photos of many of the scenes. The city is now absolutely saturated with the words: Dubcek! Svoboda! together with more insults to the Russians and demands for them to go home:

"Moskva 1800 km. ---".

The Russians have begun this morning to drop leaflets on the city from large army helicopters. They are said to be written in bad Czech and the people catch them, glance at them, and then either rip them up or burn them.

The Russians militarily seem quite well entrenched. There are rockets I saw this morning silhouetted on a nearby hill that are aimed at the town centre; the tanks do not move about as much as before. But all over the central city street signs and numbers have been painted over or removed. This, of course, is in answer to Radio Prague's requests to hinder the secret police in their round-up of the intellectuals and politicians.

I haven't mentioned one beautiful aspect of the scene lately, and that is that almost everybody has a camera and is busily snapping pictures of everything, sometimes discreetly, sometimes openly. The second day the Russians began confiscating any film from cameras they saw being used. John Reilly's film was taken that morning when a Russian officer spotted him taking a picture from his coat pocket of Russian soldiers forcing a West German to open his camera. John walked off with the officers (carrying Louise's luggage) and disappeared for five minutes behind about 40 troops and four

tanks. We were stopped from following. Afterwards he told us how polite and good-humoured they were; he attributes this to the fact that he told them he was "Amerikanski". We all expect to be searched for film at the border and are trying to think of the best hiding places. Unfortunately, I had run out of Kodak film before I crossed into Czechoslovakia and can obtain none here. However, I have several addresses of people who will send me prints, and tomorrow Louise and I meet a Frenchman whose friend has a darkroom and who will sell us prints of his photos. He also offered today to give us revolutionary posters from France. He needs money.

The first morning, members of the Czech army were walking around the streets alone, looking very frustrated and depressed. Now, however, we see many Czech army jeeps and trucks travelling about with a few unarmed soldiers and sometimes waving the Czech flag. I'm not sure what political considerations have prompted the Soviets to allow even this.

We have been expecting Svoboda back for a day now. There is some good news in reports that Moscow has referred again to Dubcek and Svoboda as the Country's leaders and that some avenue in Moscow is again lined with the flags of the USSR and Czechoslovakia.

The people we talk to all seem quite confident that this is a huge mistake on Russia's part and that their demands today for a Czechoslovak neutral state will someday be obtained. We hear over the radio of all the protests from the governments and organizations (eg. longshoremen, musicians, athletes, university professors,

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scientists, students) of the Western and Asian countries and for each item we hear, we know the Russians' position has become that much more untenable. We only hope that the Czech leaders do not concede too much.

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MONEY

by Clare Booker

There is in the upper echelons of Innis College Administration, a committee known as the student affairs committee with a budget of \$2500 to be spent on student activities. Two weeks of school

have gone by and the budget has sumptuous meal and chalk up another \$300. And the graduating class, we must not forget them, will have \$200 spent on them in order that they may eat, drink, and make merry.

Those are the activities for the students of our college. \$2500 and for what? Food! \$2500 worth of food!! Allright. Lets spend money on food, but food for thought. Why not have a weekend where our students can leave the campus and live in a total environment while discussing and learning and generally doing their own thing? What about drama, and money for bringing in speakers for educative forums? These are activities too! Lets have activities that involve everyone and not just the elite Executive, graduates and invited dignitaries. Where is the money going?

been spent. For the elucidation of college members, these will be the student activities for the coming year. One thousand dollars sent to the Innis College Snack Bar (\$500 as a gift & \$500 as a loan) in a worthy investment in that it provides a necessary service and is open to all the students of the college. Give the committee one gold star. Another \$200 was loaned to the I.C.S.S. executive so that we could have buses for the camp weekend, a noble gesture for coming in in the pinch and our second gold star. But there is another \$1300 to be spent and it too has been allotted. Twelve hundred dollars will be spent on the Innis College Banquet so that all may set in the glories of the Great Hall and eat sumptuously. Wow. The I.C.S.S. executive, of course, cannot go without their banquet in the spring. Another

WHITHER GOES INNIS

August ninth, York Club, Board of Governors Executive meeting, the topic: Innis College. The result: nine tenths of a building.

Innis College, a one story building situated in the middle of campus, next to the library, the SAC building, across from Simcoe Hall, removed from Vic. and St. Mikes. This is Innis College in a state of limbo. Six hundred and fifty students and whither goes Innis?

This is the question - where exactly are we going and where should we be going? The situation now stands that we have two buildings, the use of a library and a reading room, a residence and a co-op and we're soon to get another monument to the university.

He also serves who only stands and waits and for four years that's what we've been doing, standing and waiting for the Board of Gov-

ernors to bestow ten millions of dollars so that we can have a permanent building and become a college in the true sense of the word. Professor Russell believes that every man must scratch the sand and thereby leave his mark of the culture for all to view for generations. The Romans did this. Look at the Coliseum, the Parthenon, buildings that have lasted over centuries as a landmark to their culture and their way of life. The university of today must also leave its mark and Innis College will do its part with a prison at Huron and Sussex. A building that will admittedly look old-fashioned in a few years with the progressing revolution in education, yet we must leave our scratch in the sand and Hart Massey's monument will live, 9/10 of it.

For four years the populus of Innis has had one aim - to have a permanent building so that we can

compete and be equal with the other members of the community. Yet we must stop to consider before we go any further. What are the other members of the community and do we want to be like them?

If the body of Innis College desires we can go on striving for a building and make that our number one priority to the neglect of everything else, or we can also serve by moving ahead, being open to new ideas, becoming a centre within the university that provides constant confrontation. A start is being made in the English course this year. Students are not being forced to go to classes, write essays and tests. Instead a select number will be able to study the English course how and where they want putting the emphasis on the part of English that interests them most - criticism, poetry, plays. Sounds great? Great! However, there is a clincher. The student must come back into the

HOW TO LIVE AT NITE: An investigation and editorial by the humble editor of this sheet

Where do they go when they run out of classes to attend? Those cats in Arts and in Dents and in Forestry and Music? Where is the woodwork that they and you can crawl into? Weeeeeeeelllllll, If you like gutty music with beat but no tone, there's the Zanzibar tavern on Yonge Street. That's if you dig a buffet that reminds you of fodder and if you don't mind your go-go girls with a few teeth missing. However, if you crave better scenes, then hustle your butt down to the Brown Derby on Yonge Street where the group pours it on you in a practiced Las Vegas mode while a cool bead-bearing cat named Lorenzo sharps you with a voice that puts Dinna Ross in the bass section. The grog is all the same but the atmosphere is on a high plane, especially with the cute hostess that rides shotgun on the ladies and escorts section; not to mention Olga, the best hip swaying go-go dancer on the main drag. If I've touched a nerve and its bodies that you're really interested in, then amble up Yonge Street past queer city (that's St. Charles in case your interested fella) and fall into the Brass Rail where the broads can really pump it to the

downstairs is your waterhole. It's clean and tasteful and has become - since its opening - a great favourite sound. It's good but loud entertainment and the groups are youth and hip oriented. It's almost like home, almost. What's that? You mean you've actually got culture and class? You want to dress the entire camel train and impress yourself and your hanger(s)-on? Well then, clothe your frail body in some suitable garb (ties or turtlenecks) and ride the magic elevator up to the top of the Sutton Place Hotel to Stop 33. This is the coolest, period. It has an ultra-contemporary decor that relaxes you to sleep, a jazz trio that actually knows what its about (take it from the drummer, he lives it), and it is one of the extremely rare places that you can run up a tab instead of having to dig into your drawers for dough, in front of the little lady, every time you buy a drink. The view from that altitude is fabulous, except when your crocked, and you can see the campus only one block to the west so that you don't, at any time, lose touch with reality. If you want to skip the formalities and get to the juice, then the Bull and the Bear

of all students. It's dark and comfortable 1910 setting really gives good grounds for not going back to that Ec. tutorial. Of course, for you pot-bellied readers who thirst for the big draugh, there's the Pig (Place Pigalle) where the crowds are dense and the singing down and dirty. I would recommend this euphorium of Bacchalian nectars especially on the eves of hockey and football games since the quality of joke and song descends to the most comfortable pit of grossness. For those who like different places to hang their thirst, there's the Embassy where the beer (so my experteese consultants tell me; I wouldn't know myself) is always "S" grade. Then there's the Bay-Bloor where the brew is O.K. but the clientele is recruited from Sunset Acres. For those Guys that want cheap beer and nothing but, grab a bottle at the war amps building. Its cold and satisfying but unexciting, (unless pure beer excites you). Engineers, however, frequent none of these places. They go to the Victory and you can tell by the high-heel marks on their tongues. To the rest, Here's looking up your Pantleg

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system at the end of the year and write the final exam with all the other students that have been brainwashed to regurgitate all that the professor has told them, for this is education as envisioned by the university. Education? Hire a computer. It can do a more efficient job. Yet maybe this is the purpose of the university to produce computers to fit into nice neat little cubbyholes in our society, and not disturb the status quo.

Now is the time for Innis to decide its road, for we are being given a second chance on the design of our permanent building while at the same time we still have a flexible enough structure to start new programs in education, living and learning. The new programs that I envisage are people-generated, in that it is

the participating members that decide what is to be discussed and how to discuss it. The courses can be a great success as seen in the SEED project this summer where people worked because they wanted it, because they were interested and because they had no one behind them setting deadlines and marking on superficial knowledge alone. Education for its own sake is an end, not a means.

Opportunity has knocked a second time at the door of Innis College for we have a second change to make sure that our building will become a truly functional and flexible centre. However, let us not forget Education as our top priority for it is what goes on inside the building, not the facade that provides the learning experience that must form an integral part of our lives.

INNIS HERALD

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"A bird in the hand is not worth a damn if you have to blow your.....nose!"

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